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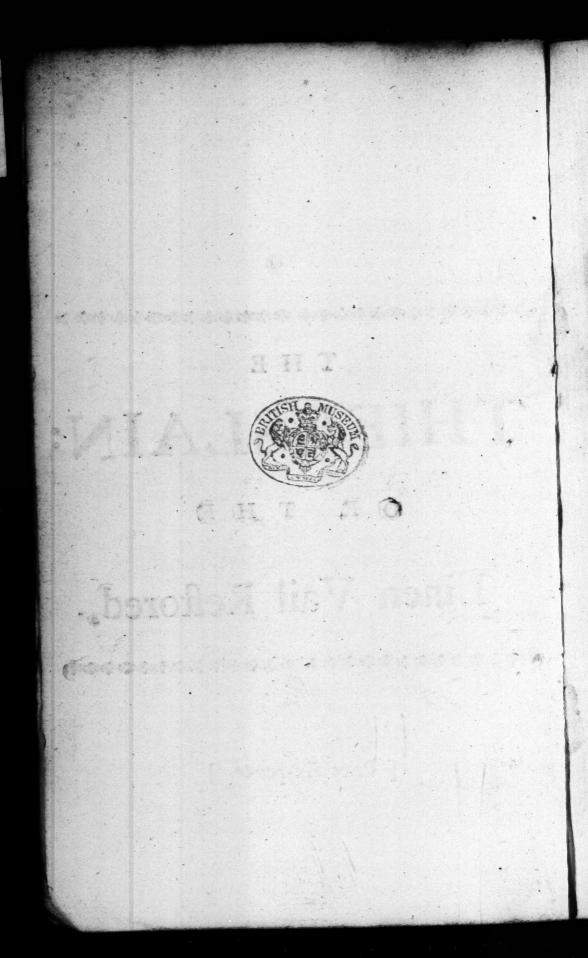
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# THIEF SLAIN:

OR THE

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M.C. Goodnight Souls

# THIEF SLAIN:

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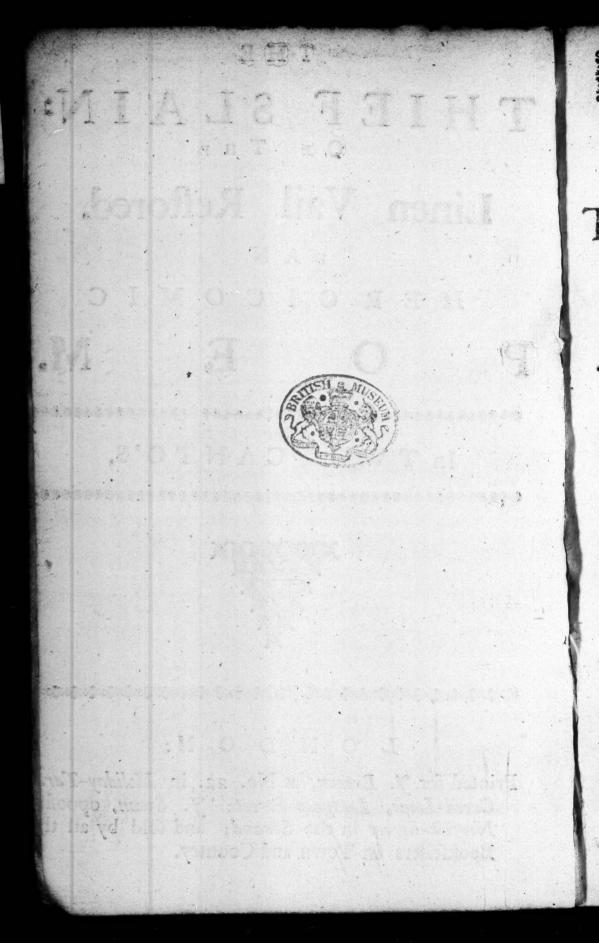
POE M.

In TWO CANTO'S.



#### LONDON:

Printed for J. Brown, at No. 22. in Holiday-Yard Creed-Lane, Ludgate-Street; J. Swan, opposit Norfolk-Street in the Strand; and fold by all the Booksellers in Town and Country.





THE

### THIEF SLAIN.

#### CANTO I.

Of horrid bloodshed, and of breach of laws;
That linen vail, which pendent ruffles grace,
Of Indian muslin, or of Flanders lace;
Wide stretch'd, and falling down in many a plait,
From the fair bosom to the snowy feet;
White as the lily, or the skin it hides,
Where charming nature shines, and love resides.
Let Ozell sing the Bucket, Pope the Lock,
My daring Muse prefers The Rape of Smock.

But

But, Celia, Celia, here I ought to ask
A gracious pardon for this impious task:
My beauteous Celia, be not too severe;
Thy charms I worship, and thy sense revere;
Forgive this tale, since modesty in vain
Would curb the Poet's slight, and song restrain.

And charms unseen the eager swains delight;
When lovers, by the silent minutes blest,
Fatigu'd with pleasure, lay them down to rest:
'Twas then bright Celia, (never yet enjoy'd)
On her Philemon all her thoughts employ'd;
The gay Philemon, sull of life and air,
Who pains unequall'd took to gain the fair,
Dire cogitations seiz'd her troubled breast,
Distracted looks confirm her want of rest;
She sighs, and moans, and strives the slame to hide,
To curb her passion, and her fondness chide.

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But toon Philipson turn'd the danker

Now by herself, she thus at length confest,
With grief unfelt, but in a lover's breast.

Should I then fix my happiness and love
On dear Philemon, and he faithless prove,
What pain to me, alas! might thence arise:
Perhaps the youth my charms might then despise.
'Tis possible; but yet I can't refrain,
There's something so engaging in the swain,
Him I must love, and venture his disdain.

These thoughts laid by, she takes another view
Of rich Ambrosio, her lover too:
Ambrosio, who to Inns of Courts belongs,
Where coxcombs and where knaves resort in throngs;
He on the nymph had cast an eye before,
And much depended on his shining store.
Celia has various conslicts in her mind,
To either spark alternately inclin'd:

And now a contest great did soon commence

Between the charms of one, and t'other's pence.

But soon Philemon turn'd the doubtful scale,

And did o'er all his rival's wealth prevail.

Thus she broke forth; Philemon, thou art he,

He only, who shall my possessor be:

Henceforth, Ambrosio, from my presence sly,

My dear Philemon, 'tis for thee I die.

val ni gaigsparot gardo ani c'asi

This faid, fair Celia bared her lovely breaft,
Approach'd her toilet, and herfelf undrest;
First, the gold watch and lockets are laid by,
Those great allurements to a lover's eye;
The decent necklace is pull'd off with care,
And orient pearls that grace the pretty ear;
Her taper singers now from prison freed,
The glitt'ring diamond no longer need.
That done, the pinners are laid with by care,
Which to the sight expose her auburn hair;

Down to her waist in careless curls it plays, And negligently flows a thousand ways; Part forward falls, her iv'ry front to shade, And part hangs careless, on her back display'd; Some locks disorder'd, her white breasts conceal, But here and there a pleasing glance you steal. The night-drefs covers now her lovely head, And mobs, which ladies chuse to wear in bed: She takes the glass, and does her form survey, Nor thinks her graces fewer than by day. She then proceeds, takes off her tiffue gown, And lets the spacious petticoat fall down. The stays that compass round her slender waist, Which kings themselves might wish to have em-Now leave her unconfin'd, and are unlac'd. Then Celia fitting to pull off her shoe, Exposes all her under parts to view.

Almost undrest, her smock she stript the last, Thinking no lover there an eye would cast;

But ah! Philemon, in a luckless hour, By stealth came up, and peep'd in thro' the door; That door, thro' which his eyes a passage found, And every thing he faw increas'd his wound. Thro' crevice small, with joy his bliss reviews, In extafy the pleasing fight pursues: Her beauteous face now unobserv'd, alas! His eye he centers on another place: He view'd her breafts; but lower, what was there! Too much to view, and not enjoy the fair: Philemon out of patience grown at last, To fee the charm, and not the pleasure taste, Affails the door, and by his youthful might, An entrance made to try his fate that night.

Celia, alarm'd at this untimely noise,

Slips on her night-shift, and exalts her voice;

Her wrapping-gown she then put on in haste,

And negligently threw it round her waist.

Now young Philemon boldly ventures in,

Fearless of danger, and of female din,

Made his advances to the beauteous Maid,

And many fine and pleasing things he said.

Celia, confus'd, lays by the dress of day,

By chance the Smock expos'd and careless lay;

Which bold Philemon seiz'd, and kiss'd the veil,

Which stol'n from Celia, made the nymph grow pale.

His blood's on fire, and love his heart invades;

Joy fills his bosom, anger fills the maid's.

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Whilst Celia in confusion senseless lay,

Of speech depriv'd, at Smock thus forc'd away.

But e'er 'twas long, with anger and surprize,

Her visage chang'd, she darts her flaming eyes;

Her wrath no longer able to conceal,

She thus upbraided his officious zeal:

svirro

Dar'st thou, vile traitor, take this wicked course,

T'attempt thy mistress, and her room to force?

On me thus boldly venture to intrude,

At this unseemly time, on purpose lewd?

Be gone at my command, avoid thy fate!

Obey, or be the object of my hate!

The Smock deliver, or you soon shall know,

I am no mistress, but a deadly soe.

I'lls blood's on fire, and love his freat invades;

Then gay Philemon with submissive air,
In accents soft address'd the charming fair;
His sly apology he thus begun:
Why does my dear her truest lover shun?
Have you forgot so soon? and can you see
My adent love, and not be touch'd like me?
By all our kisses, by our softer nights,
And melting sweets of innocent delights;
By all that sacred, by my love, 'tis true,
'Tis love alone has made me rude to you.

Then flatting fudden, out he rufh'd at laft,

Forgive my rashness, dearest, I implore,
And you shall find your Phil. transgress no more.

The lady strait reply'd, Too forward swain!

Is this the way thy Celia's heart to gain?

Think'st thou that I, who like a castle stand,

With virtue's guard, and honour's sacred band,

Can fall a victim to thy treach'rous hand?

Ah! hope not thus my virtue to essay,

Nor vainly think that I shall fall thy prey:

Restore the Smock, then shall Philemon sind,

His love rewarded, and his mistress kind.

These words pronounc'd with all her semale art,
Made some impression on Philemon's heart:
A while he paus'd, as seeming to comply;
And then survey'd it with a greedy eye;
And whilst he tender'd back, held fast the prize,
Like one that half consents, and half denies:

Surveying fondly with a lover's air,

The nymph, divided betwixt hope and fear:

Then starting sudden, out he rush'd at last,

And left her to reflect on what had past.

Think! I then that I, who like a calife fland, With where's guard, 46 question of the seach rous hand. Can fail a victim to it y areach rous hand? Als! hope not thus the virtue to efficy.

Nor vainty think that I half fall the press.

Reffore the Smock, then find Philemon find, list love rewented.

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Surveyil



#### THE

## THIEF SLAIN.

CANTO II.

No W had the morn unbarr'd the gates of light,
And the fad nymph in forrow fpent the night;
In vain as down the lay, the drowfy god
Touch'd her foft temples with his leaden rod:
Reftless she roll'd, and sometimes dropt a tear;
No muse is able to express her care.
She rung the bell, and up her Nancy came,
Nancy, the nearest fav'rite to the dame:
Haste, haste, she cry'd, and to Ambrosio run,
Bid him speed hither with the rising sun.

Away the damfel posts, and hardly stood To take her pattens and her riding-hood. In Linco 's Inn she finds the youth in bed, Fast snoring, and oppress'd with fumes of red. She wak'd Ambrofio without more delay, Unus'd to be disturb'd by break of day; Told him her errand: Up with speed rose he, Drest, and went out (O strange!) without his tea. To Celia now the happy youth approach'd: Some fay he walk'd on foot, some fay, was coach'd. But Oh! what joy was his, by Nancy led, When he (unhop'd-for bliss!) drew near the bed. Thus spoke the nymph: Canst thou, too faithful [fwain, Forgive unhappy Celia's past disdain? And wilt thou, wilt thou, maugre all my pride, Revenge my cause, and lay thy scorn aside! Wrong'd by Philemon, to thy arms I fly; I do not, do not then, thy help deny. Retrieve the Smock, which he has basely stole, Ind win, for ever win, my virgin foul.

O doub

O doubt not, beauteous nymph, the swain reply'd,
My sword's success, and valour often try'd:
For if there's faith in man, thou may'st believe,
I'll lose my life, or else thy Smock retrieve.

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Then eager with his lips her hand he preft, And of his rival fiercely goes in quest. Philemon starts to see Ambrosio near, Wonders; but still a stranger is to fear. Ambrosio's eyes with rage and anger glow, He meets his rival like a deadly foe. Or pay me down thy forfeit life, he cries, Or give me back, rash youth, the linen prize: I mean fair Celia's Smock, full well thou know'st; Of fuch a triumph make not now thy boast. Hence to the plain, and we will foon decide, Which best deserves fair Celia for his bride. Philemon answer'd (not at all dismay'd) Art thou turn'd bully for the peerless maid?

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Then do thy worst; the Smock I'll not return:

I give it back! no, it shall sooner burn.

Now on the green the combatants engage, Inspir'd alike, and fill'd with equal rage: Their swords were of a length, their pushes just, And as one parry'd, t'other made a thrust: With crimson blood the field was dy'd around, And each receiv'd and gave full many a wound. Long was the struggle, and each shew'd his skill, No rivals ever fought with better will. At last Philemon made a furious pass, And stretch'd Ambrosio bleeding on the grass; fore hurt and vanquish'd, on the ground he lay. Philemon sheath'd his sword, and ran away, Lord of the Smock, and of his conquest proud, tole off, whilst t'other calls for help aloud.

Now fame which daily travels round the ball, n Celia's ear proclaim'd Ambrosio's fall.

The nymph, unable to express her grief, Strait from her faithful Nancy fought relief: Ah, I'm undone, my dearest wench, she faid; Perhaps Ambrofio's kill'd, Philemon fled. was to blame to hazard either's life: Was then a Smock fit argument for strife? Go, find out Phil. if Phil. can yet be found, (For much I tremble for my champion's wound) oax, flatter, lie; thy utmost art employ, To bring to articles th' ill-natur'd boy: For fince it is in vain to think of force To gain my Shift, I'll take another course. Nor must that trophy, which he owes to theft, Whate'er it costs, in impious hands be left. Some wicked lie he may perhaps invent, And boaft he had the Smock with my confent; Of farther favours none will make a doubt; And, ah, what fables may not folks give out! Then spare no labour to retrieve the veil; For Celia's ruin'd, should her Nancy fail.

Swifter

Swifter than light ning flew the nimble maid, And to Philemon strait a visit paid. (Philemon of his conquest grown so proud, He could not help proclaiming it aloud.) Fair Nancy, quoth the youth, what brings thee here? Why on thy face does fuch concern appear? Has Celia fent thee? - For the Smock, I ween; And is she for a trifle so chagrin? Why does the envy me to fmall a prize, And persecute a swain, who for her dies? Twas but this moment she my rival sent, Who may his errand now perhaps repent; sing of Yonder I left him, bleeding on the plain, from told Henceforth he draws no fword in hafte again.

So spake the youth, and Nancy thus reply'd:

My mistress must not, must not be deny'd;

Without delay do you the Smock restore,

Or be condemn'd to see her face no more.

lie's ruin'd, flood I her Maney (cell

Some wieked lie he may perhaps invest,

A veil so facred thus to snatch away,

Was in a lover sure the foulest play.

Nor would it be by half so great a sin,

Had you in streets a public selon been.

Weigh but the justice of my lady's cause:

Besides, to steal a Smock, 'tis breach of laws;

And if with vigour she pursues the thing,

At the next sessions you perhaps may swing:

Then carry on your jest, if wise you be,

No farther now, but send the Smock by me.

e?

Philemon paus'd at this, and mus'd a while,
Whether he should restore or keep the spoil:
Plague on these women, to himself said he,
What if indeed she should in earnest be!
How far revenge may push her on, who knows?
For anger'd Females are the worst of soes.
Philemon is undone, beyond all doubt,
If injur'd Celia takes a warrant out:

train a taion above to superior to inventable

Tis better far to make up the dispute,

Than lie in Newgate, or than stand a suit.

Well, Nancy, then he cry'd, let's all be friends,

This very night the fatal quarrel ends:

In the mean while, bid Celia be at rest,

I'll bring the Smock, and terminate the jest.

At the next leftions you perhaps may fin

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Pleas'd with the news, the damsel posts away

To Celia, who in bed impatient lay:

Rise, madam, rise! she cry'd, your point is gain'd;

The ravish'd Smock will be no more detain'd:

Philemon, at my threats, in mortal fright,

Will, without fail, the trophy bring at night.

Then, madam, haste to dress; dispel your cares,

And to revenge you, put on all your airs.

Up got the lovely Virgin in a trice,

Resolving to appear exactly nice;

At her toilet she puts on ev'ry toy,

That ladies use, when eager to destroy.

Three hours by the clock, (and some say four)

She sat in polishing her form all o'er,

And culling arrows from her fatal store.

But ah! when throughly drest from top to toe, How charming did she look, how lovely show; At play, or birth-night ball, was never feen A beauty fo compleat, fo gay, fo clean. Of crimfon fattin was her costly gown; Her petticoat was all embroider'd down; The watch was Tompion's with a golden chain, And her pearl necklace of the finest grain: Her brilliant ear-rings, which did stars out-shine, Came not from Bristol, but from th' Indian mine: Her shoes were velvet, and her stockings filk; Her lace true Flanders, and as white as milk. So rigg'd at last along the room she mov'd, And in her looking-glass each charm improv'd: Scarc

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Or Venus had when dress'd, a nobler air:
For now on mischief she was fully bent,
And had against her Phil. a dire intent;
To make him grieve for putting her to pain,
And punish the rash youth with just disdain.

The sun below th' horizon was declin'd,
And beauteous Celia now had lately din'd;
When in comes Phil. to his appointment true,
At whose approach the servants strait withdrew.
Celia a while stood mute, then silence broke;
Looking demure, and blushing as she spoke.

Thou base usurper of a maiden's Shift,

O tell me what could be thy impious drift?

So lewd an action can admit no plea;

I little could expect all this from thee!

Had you my snuff-box, or my san purloin'd,

Or on my gloves, or mask, your thest design'd;

Or stole away, what's worse, my darling Shock;
Or any moveable, besides my Smock;
I could forgive and with the crime dispense,
But who can pardon such a rude offence?

Fair maid, he answer'd, finish the dispute;

As for what's past, I'll be for ever mute;

And in no Coffee-house will make my boast,

That of her Smock I once depriv'd a toast.

But since your lover with your suit complies,

You must be kind, if he restores the prize:

Be mine anon, the whole, the live-long night,

And bless thy lover's arms with vast delight.

But less than that, no motive can prevail,

To make me tender back the mystick veil.

Celia confus'd, scarce knew what to reply,

Look'd much surpriz'd, and downward cast her eye;

And will no terms but these suffice, said she?

And must I for a Shift, your victim be?

Conditions

Conditions much too hard, and too unjust:

Is then Philemon's love all turn'd to lust?

Yet, tho' 'till now, my heart was like a rock,

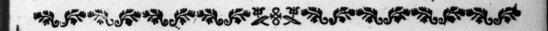
I'll sooner yield, than you shall keep the Smock.

In raptures now, the happy youth furvey'd,
And in his arms embrac'd the beauteous maid;
With decent action, he the Smock refigns,
And ardently round Celia's wafte he twines.
Soft pleafure now fucceeds an age of pain,
And the glad youth enjoys, what long he fought in vain.

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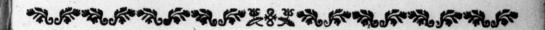
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